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ICELANDIC — FIVE PIECES OF RUNIC

Poetry translated from the Islandic Language
by Bishop Percy, Editor of the "Ballads,"
small 8vo, boards, uncut, 6s 6d

London : R. & J. Dodsley, 1763

Case 6

Ran. E 189

Fowler

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FIVE PIECES OF

RUNIC POETRY

Translated from the

ISLANDIC LANGUAGE.

BIR IF 4BIR4 YIA B.
4YIA YAIRB *N111.
*NPAIT YAIM IF MY.

* * * *Egill's Ode.*

FRINNY BIR IB BRAPB
NR BINPNIENY *IN4.
MIPIMB 4YIA IF FIIA.

Regner's Ode.

—Populi, quos despicit Arctos,
Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget leti metus : inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis ; et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.

LUCAN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.
MD CC LXIII.

**N..B. THIS LITTE TRACT WAS DRAWN
UP FOR THE PRESS IN THE YEAR 1761:
BUT THE PUBLICATION HAS BEEN DELAY-
ED BY AN ACCIDENT.**

P R E F A C E.

*T*HE ancient inhabitants of the northern parts of Europe are generally known under no other character than that of a hardy and unpolished race, who subdued all the southern nations by dint of courage and of numbers. Their valour, their ferocity, their contempt of death, and passion for liberty, form the outlines of the picture we commonly draw of them: and if we sometimes revere them for that generous plan of government which they every where established, we cannot help lamenting that they raised the fabric upon the ruins of literature and the fine arts.

Yet is there one feature of their character of a more amiable cast; which, tho' not so generally known, no less belongs

P R E F A C E.

to them : and that is, an amazing fondness for poetry. It will be thought a paradox, that the same people, whose furious ravages destroyed the last poor remains of expiring genius among the Romans, should cherish it with all possible care among their own countrymen : yet so it was. At least this was the case among the ancient Danes, and from the similarity of their religion, manners, and customs, is equally credible of the other nations of Teutonic race.

The ancient inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway retained their original manners and customs longer than any other of the Gothic tribes, and brought them down nearer to our own times. The remoteness of their situation rendered access to them slow and difficult : nor was it till the tenth and eleventh centuries that christi-

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christianity had gained an establishment among them. Hence it is that we are better acquainted with the peculiarities of their character, and have more of their original compositions handed down to us, than of any other of the northern nations.

Of these compositions a great multitude are extant, some of them in print, others preserved in MS in the libraries of the north. All of them demonstrate that poetry was once held there in the highest estimation. The invention of it was attributed to the gods, and ranked among the most valuable gifts conferred on mortals. Those that excelled in it, were distinguished by the first honours of the state: were constant attendants on their kings, and were often employed on the most important commissions. These bards were called by the

P R E F A C E.

*significant name of SCALD, a word which implies "a smoother or polisher of language." **

The LANGUAGE in which their productions are preserved, and which once prevailed pretty extensively in the north, is commonly called ISLANDIC: Iceland being the place where it was supposed to be spoken in the greatest purity, and where it is to this day in use. The Islandic is the mother of the modern Swedish and Danish tongues, in like manner as the Anglo-saxon is the parent of our English. Both these mother-tongues are dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic; and of so near affinity, that, in the opinion of

* SKALLD a depilando dicti videntur, quod rudem orationem tanquam evulsis pilis perpoliunt. *Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcades.*

The name of BARD also [Isl. *Barda*] was not unknown among the Islandic poets.

the

P R E F A C E.

the learned, what was spoken in one of them, was without much difficulty understood by those, who used the other. Hence it is, that such as study the originals of our own language have constantly found it necessary to call in the assistance of this ancient sister dialect.

The CHARACTERS, in which this language was originally written, were called RUNIC; from an Islandic word that signifies a FURROW. As the materials used for writing in the first rude ages were only wood or stone, the convenience of sculpture required that the strokes should run chiefly in strait lines; and the resemblance to plowing suggested the appellation. The word Runic was at first applied to the letters only; tho' later*

* RYN Sulcus. Vid. Olaij Wormij Literat. Runica. 1636. 4to. p. 2, 3.

P R E F A C E.

writers have extended it to the verses written in them.

A few specimens of these are now offered to the public. It would be as vain to deny, as it is perhaps impolitic to mention, that this attempt is owing to the success of the ERSE fragments. It is by no means for the interest of this little work, to have it brought into a comparison with those beautiful pieces, after which it must appear to the greatest disadvantage. And yet till the Translator of those poems thinks proper to produce his originals, it is impossible to say whether they do not owe their superiority, if not their whole existence entirely to himself. The Editor of these pieces had no such boundless field for licence. Every poem here produced has been already published accompanied with a Latin or Swedish

P R E F A C E.

disb version ; by which every deviation would at once be detected. It behoved him therefore to be as exact as possible. Sometimes indeed, where a sentence was obscure, he hath ventured to drop it, and the asterisks which occur will denote such omissions. Sometimes for the sake of perspicuity it was necessary to alter the arrangement of a period; and sometimes to throw in a few explanatory words: and even once or twice to substitute a more simple expression instead of the complex and enigmatic phrase of the original.

*For the reader must be informed that the productions of the Islandic poets, tho' quite original and underived, are far from being so easy and simple as might be expected: on the contrary, no compositions abound with more laboured metaphors, or more studied refinements. A proof that
poetry*

P R E F A C E.

poetry had been cultivated among them for many ages. That daring spirit and vigour of imagination, which distinguished the northern warriors, naturally inclined them to bold and swelling figures: and as their mythology was grown very extensive and complicated, the frequent allusions to it could not but be a great source of obscurity to modern readers. It was the constant study of the northern SCALDS to lift their poetic style as much as possible above that of their prose. So that they had at length formed to themselves in verse a kind of new language, in which every idea was expressed by a peculiar term, never admitted into their ordinary converse. Some of these terms are founded on their mythology or the fa-*

* Called by them, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, (*Asam-maal*,) THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS.

bulous

P R E F A C E.

bulous history of their gods : and others on some fancied analogy or resemblance. Thus if an Islandic poet had occasion to mention a rainbow, he called it, The bridge of the gods ; if gold, The tears of Freya ; if poesy, The gift of Odin. The earth was indifferently termed, Odin's spouse ; the daughter of night, or the vessel that floats on the ages : In like manner a battle was to be styled, The bath of blood ; The storm of Odin ; or the clash of bucklers : the sea, The field of pirates, or, the girdle of the earth. Ice was not insignificantly named, The greatest of bridges : a ship, The horse of the waves, &c. †

*From the following specimens it will
be*

† See these and more instances in a very elegant *French* book lately published in *Denmark*, and often quoted in the following pages, intitled
L' in-

P R E F A C E.

be found, that the poetry of the Scalds chiefly displays itself in images of terror. Death and war were their favourite subjects, and in expressions on this head their language is amazingly copious and fruitful. If in the following versions there should be found too frequent a recurrence of synonymous phrases, it is entirely owing to the deficiency of our language, which did not afford a greater variety: for in the original the same thought is scarcely ever expressed twice in the same words. But tho' most of the Islandic poetry, that has been printed, is of the rougher cast; we are not to suppose that the northern bards never addressed themselves to the softer

L' introduction a l' histoire de Dannemarc par le Chev. Mallet, 4to. Which contains a most curious and entertaining account of the ancient manners, customs, religion and mythology of the northern nations; besides many striking specimens of their composition. A translation of this work is in great forwardness, and will speedily be published.

passions,

P R E F A C E.

passions, or that they did not leave behind them many pieces on the gentler subjects of love or friendship. The misfortune has been, that their compositions have fallen into the hands of none but professed antiquarians: and these have only selected such poems for publication as confirmed some fact in history, or served to throw light on the antiquities of their country,

*The Editor was in some doubt whether he should subjoin or suppress the originals. But as they lie within little compass, and as the books whence they are extracted are very scarce, he was tempted to add them as vouchers for the authenticity of his version. They have also a further use.—It has been said by some critics * that the prevalence of rhyme in European poetry was de-*

* CRESCEMBENI, &c.

rived

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rived from the Latin hymns, invented by the monks in the fourth and fifth centuries: but from the original of EGILL'S ODE, it will be seen that the ancient Gothic poets occasionally used rhyme with all the variety and exactness of our nicest moderns, long before their conversion to christianity; and therefore were not likely to adopt it from the monks; a race of men, whom they were either unacquainted with, or held in derision †.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the few pages assigned to the Islandic originals will not be thought an useless incumbrance by any readers; but it is presumed will be peculiarly acceptable to such curious persons, as study the ancient languages of the north. To these gentlemen this small publication is inscribed:

† *Vide infra pag. 32.*

P R E F A C E.

One of the most learned and most eminent among them has honoured it so far as to compare the versions every where with the originals. But this was a small exertion of that extensive skill in languages, which the public has seen displayed with so much advantage in the fine editions of JUNIUS'S ETYMOLOGICON and the GOTHIC GOSPELS—That the study of ancient northern literature hath its important uses has been often evinced by able writers : and that it is not dry or unamusive this little work it is hoped will demonstrate. Its aim at least is to shew, that if those kind of studies are not always employed on works of taste or classic elegance, they serve at least to unlock the treasures of native genius ; they present us with frequent sallies of bold imagi-*

* See Dr. Hickes's *Dissertatio Epistolaris*, &c.

nation,

P R E F A C E.

nation, and constantly afford matter for philosophical reflection by showing the workings of the human mind in its almost original state of nature.

E R R A T A.

Page 89. col. 1. line 20. lege
Fyrer Inndyris eium.

Page 94. col. 1. line 32. lege
Jofur fueigde r.

THE

(I.)

THE
INCANTATION
OF
HERVOR.

B

INTRODUCTION.

“ **A**NDGRYM the grandfather
“ of Hervor, was prince of a
“ part of Sweden, now in the province
“ of Smaland: He forcibly carried away
“ out of Russia Eyvor the daughter of
“ Suafurlama, by whom he had twelve
“ sons, four whereof were Hervardur,
“ Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr the
“ father of Hervor. These twelve bre-
“ thren, according to the usual practice
“ of those times, followed piracy. In
“ one of their expeditions they landed
“ in the territories of Hialmar king of
“ Thulemark, where a fierce battle en-
“ suing they all lost their lives. An-
“ gantyr fell the last of his brethren,
“ having first with his own hand killed
“ their adversary Hialmar. They were

“ buried in the field of battle, together
 “ with their arms : and it is at their
 “ tombs that Hervor, the daughter of
 “ Angantyr, who had taken a voyage
 “ thither on purpose, makes the follow-
 “ ing invocation.”

“ N. B. This Piece is published from
 “ the translation of Dr. Hickes, with
 “ some considerable emendations ; See
 “ his *Thesaurus Antiq. Literaturæ Sep-*
 “ *tentrion. Tom. 1. p. 123.*

“ The *Hervarer Saga*, whence this
 “ poem is extracted, is an old Islandic
 “ history *, the author and date of
 “ which are unknown : but it is be-
 “ lieved, in general, to be of very great

* *Saga* in the Islandic language signifies A
 HISTORY, &c.

“ anti-

“ antiquity. It records the atchiev-
 “ ments of Hervor, a celebrated nor-
 “ thern heroine, as also the exploits of
 “ her ancestors and descendants, in Swe-
 “ den and other northern countries. It
 “ was printed in a thin folio vol. at
 “ Upsal in 1672, with a Swedish ver-
 “ sion and Latin notes by Olaus Vere-
 “ lius : and contains many other pieces
 “ of Runic poetry.”



“ To prevent as much as possible the
 “ interruption of notes, it was thought
 “ proper to premise a few miscellaneous
 “ observations.

I.

“ **T**HE northern nations held their
 “ Runic verses in such reverence,
 “ that they believed them sufficient (pro-
 “ vided they were pronounced with great
 “ emotion of mind) to raise the ghosts
 “ of the departed : and that without
 “ other magical rites, especially if the
 “ the party had worked himself up in-
 “ to

“ to a firm persuasion that it would hap-
 “ pen according to his desires. ———
 “ Hervor therefore in the first stanza
 “ or strophe calls upon her father to
 “ awake and deliver to her his sword.
 “ — This not succeeding, in the next
 “ place she adjures him and his bre-
 “ thren by all their arms, THE SHIELD,
 “ &c. ——— Being still unanswered,
 “ she wonders that her father and un-
 “ cles should be so mouldered to dust,
 “ as that nothing of them should re-
 “ main, and adds, as it were by way of
 “ imprecation, SO MAY YOU ALL
 “ BE, &c. a form of conjuring not pe-
 “ culiar to this poem, Olaus Verelius
 “ quotes a like passage from another
 “ ancient piece to the following effect.

Alla quælie eitur ver

Innan rífla, oc vesta bal :

B 4

Néma

Nema fuerdid selier mier

Samit rauda jotna mal.

“ May the poison of serpents and noxious flames torment you all within your ribs, unless you deliver me the sword adorned with gold.”

Vid. Herv. Saga, pag. 100, &c.

II.

“ BY *Duergar* or DWARFS, the ancient Scandinavians did not understand human creatures defective in size or stature, but a distinct race of beings, a kind of lesser demons, who inhabited the rocks and mountains, and were remarkably expert at forging weapons, that were proof against all force or fraud.—They
“ meant

“ meant by *dwarfs*, much the same as
 “ we do by *fairies*.”

Olaus Ver. ad Her. Sag. p. 44. 45.

Hickes Thes. tom. 2. p. 311.

III.

“ As to what is said in the second stanza,
 “ of their being buried UNDER THE
 “ ROOTS OF TREES. It may be observed,
 “ that the northern nations, in
 “ the first ages, usually burnt their
 “ dead: afterwards they buried them
 “ under a *barrow* or hillock of earth,
 “ &c. but no author mentions the roots
 “ of trees, as chosen particularly for the
 “ place of interment. There is, indeed,
 “ one instance of this to be found, in a
 “ fragment of an ancient Runic poem
 “ preserved in the history of Snorro
 “ Sturleson,

“ Sturleson, but it seems to be attended
 “ with circumstances too particular to
 “ prove the generality of the practice.”

——*Bitb ofur capp,*
Austur konga &c.

“ —THE eastern kings contended together with vehement rage, when the sons of Yngvon hanged the generous king on a tree.

“ AND there on a promontory is that ancient tree, on which the dead body was suspended : where the promontory Straumyernes divides the bay ; there, I say, exposed to the winds, stands that most noted tree, remarkable for the tomb and monument * of the king.”

Snorro Sturl. Hist. Reg. Sept. fol. p. 28.

* Or rather *barrow*, Lat. *tumulus*.

IV.

IV.

“ THE northern nations believed that
 “ the tombs of their heroes emitted a
 “ kind of lambent flame, which was
 “ always visible in the night, and serv-
 “ ed to guard the ashes of the dead.
 “ They called it *Hauga Elldr*, or THE
 “ SEPULCHRAL FIRE. It was supposed
 “ more particularly to surround such
 “ tombs as contained hidden treasures.”
Bartbol. de contempt. a Dan. Mort. p. 275.

V.

“ MOST of the proper names in the
 “ ancient northern languages were
 “ significant. Thus *Angantyr* signifies
 “ One who bravely does his duty.” *Her-*
vardur, “ A preserver of the army.” *Hior-*
vardur, “ A keeper of the sword.” &c.

Vid. Ol. Verel. ad Herv. Saga, p. 49.

THE
INCANTATION
OF
HERVOR.

AWAKE, Angantyr; Hervor,
the only daughter of thee and
Suafu, doth awaken thee. Give me,
out of the tomb, the hardened sword,
which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama.

Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and
Angantyr; with helmet and coat of
mail, and a sharp sword; with shield
and accoutrements and bloody spear, I
wake you all under the roots of trees.

ARR

ARE the sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now become dust and ashes? Can none of Eyvor's sons now speak with me out of the habitations of the dead? Hervardur, Hiorvardur!

So may you all be, within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up to putrefy among insects, unless you deliver me the sword, which the dwarfs made, * * * and the glorious belt.

[HERE the tomb opens, the inside of which appears all on fire, and the following words are sung out of the tomb.]

A N G A N T Y R.

DAUGHTER Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead, why dost thou call so?
Wilt

Wilt thou run on to thy own mischief?
Thou art mad and out of thy senses,
who art desperately resolved to waken
dead men.

I was not buried either by father or
other friends: two which lived after
me got Tírfing; one of whom is now
possessor thereof*.

HERVOR.

Thou dost not tell the truth. So let
Odin preserve thee safe in the tomb, as
thou hast not Tírfing by thee. Art thou
unwilling, Angantyr, to give an inheri-
tance to thy only child?

AN-

* This is said merely to make her desist from
her purpose; as foreseeing it will prove fatal to her
posterity.

Tírfing is the name of the sword. The etymo-
logy of this word is not known.

A N G A N T Y R.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to pass : this Tirsing will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring. Thou shalt have a son, who afterwards must possess Tirsing, and many think he will be called Heidrek by the people.

H E R V O R.

I do by enchantments make that the dead shall never enjoy rest, unless Angantyr deliver me Tirsing; that cleaveth shields, and killed Hjalmar.

A N G A N T Y R.

YOUNG maid, I say, thou art of manlike courage, who dost rove about by night to tombs, with spear engraven
with

with magic spells *, with helmet and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me, out of the tomb, the workmanship of the dwarfs, which hateth all coats of mail. It is not good for thee to hide it.

ANGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my shoulders : it is all wrapt up in fire : I know no maid, in any country, that dares take this sword in hand.

* It was usual with the northern warriors to inscribe Runic characters on their weapons, to prevent their being dulled or blunted by enchantment, as also to give them a keenness and strength which nothing could resist. *Ol. Verel. pag. 101.*

C

HERVOR.

H E R V O R.

I shall keep and take in my hand the sharp sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the sight of deceased men.

A N G A N T Y R.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad : rather than thou, in a moment, shouldest fall into the fire, I will give thee the sword out of the tomb, young maid ; and not hide it from thee.

[Here the sword was delivered to Hervor out of the tomb, who proceeds thus.]

H E R V O R.

Thou didst well, thou offspring of heroes, that thou didst send me the sword
out

out of the tomb; I am now better pleased,
O prince, to have it, than if I had
gotten all Norway.

ANGANTYR.

False woman, thou dost not un-
derstand that thou speakest foolishly of
that in which thou dost rejoice: for
Tirfing shall, if thou dost believe me,
maid, destroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I must go to my seamen. Here I
have no mind to stay longer. Little do
I care, O royal ancestor, about what
my sons may hereafter quarrel.

ANGANTYR.

Take and keep Hialmar's bane,
which thou shalt long have and enjoy :

C 2

touch

touch but the edges of it, there is poison in them both: it is a most cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in hand, the sharp sword, which thou hast let me have: I do not fear, O slain father, about what my sons may hereafter quarrel.

ANGANTYR.

Farewel, daughter: I do quickly give thee twelve men's death: if thou canst believe with might and courage: even all the goods, which Andgrym's sons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you safe in the tomb. I must be gone, and hasten hence; for I seem to be in the midst of a place where fire burneth round about me.

THE

(II.)
THE
DYING ODE
OF
REGNER LODBROG.

C 3.

INTRODUCTION.

“ **K**ING Regner Lodbrog was a
 “ celebrated Poet, Warrior, and
 “ (what was the same thing in those
 “ ages) Pirate; who reigned in Denmark,
 “ about the beginning of the ninth cen-
 “ tury. After many warlike expeditions
 “ by sea and land, he at length met with
 “ bad fortune. He was taken in battle by
 “ his adversary Ella king of Northum-
 “ berland. War in those rude ages was
 “ carried on with the same inhumani-
 “ ty, as it is now among the savages of
 “ North-America : their prisoners were
 “ only reserved to be put to death with
 “ torture. Regner was accordingly
 “ thrown into a dungeon to be stung

C 4

“ to

“ to death by serpents. While he was
 “ dying he composed this song, where-
 “ in he records all the valiant atchieve-
 “ ments of his life, and threatens Ella
 “ with vengeance; which history in-
 “ forms us was afterwards executed by
 “ the sons of Regner.

“ It is, after all, conjectured that Reg-
 “ ner himself only composed a few stan-
 “ zas of this poem, and that the rest
 “ were added by his *Scald* or poet-
 “ laureat, whose business it was to add
 “ to the solemnities of his funeral by
 “ singing some poem in his praise.

L'Edda par Chev. Mallet. p. 150.

“ This piece is translated from the
 “ Islandic original published by Olaus
 “ Wormius in his *Literatura Runica*,
 “ *Hafnia*

“ *Hafnia* 4to. 1631.—*Ibidem*, 2. Edit.

“ *Fol.* 1651.



“ N. B. Thora, mentioned in the
 “ first stanza, was daughter of some
 “ little Gothic prince, whose palace
 “ was infested by a large serpent ; he
 “ offered his daughter in marriage to
 “ any one that would kill the monster
 “ and set her free. Regner accom-
 “ plished the atchievement and acquir-
 “ ed the name of *Lod-brog*, which sig-
 “ nifies ROUGH OR HAIRY-BREECHES,
 “ because he cloathed himself all over
 “ in rough or hairy skins before he
 “ made the attack. [*Vide Saxon Gram.*
 “ *pag.* 152, 153.]——This is the poe-
 “ tical

“ tical account of this adventure : but
 “ history informs us that Thora was
 “ kept prisoner by one of her father’s
 “ vassals, whose name was *Orme* or
 “ SERPENT, and that it was from this
 “ man that Regner delivered her, clad
 “ in the aforesaid shaggy armour. But
 “ he himself chuses to commemorate it
 “ in the most poetical manner.”

*Vide Chev. Mallet Introd. à l' Hist.
 de Dannemarc. pag. 201.*

THE

THE

D Y I N G O D E

O F

REGNER LODBROG.

WE fought with fwords : * * *
 when in Gothland I slew an
 enormous serpent : my reward was the
 beauteous Thora. Thence I was deem-
 ed a man : they called me Lodbrog from
 that slaughter. * * * I thrust the monster
 through with my spear, with the steel
 productive of splendid rewards.

We fought with fwords : I was very
 young, when towards the East, in the
 straights of Eirar, we gained rivers of
 blood

blood * for the ravenous wolf: ample food for the yellow-footed fowl. There the hard iron hung upon the lofty helmets. The whole ocean was one wound. The raven waded in the blood of the slain.

We fought with swords: we lifted high our lances; when I had numbered twenty years, and every where acquired great renown. We conquered eight barons at the mouth of the Danube. We procured ample entertainment for the eagle in that slaughter. Bloody sweat fell in the ocean of wounds. A host of men there lost their lives.

* Literally "Rivers of wounds."——
By the yellow-footed fowl is meant the eagle.

We

We fought with swords: we enjoyed the fight, when we sent the inhabitants of Helsing to the habitation of the gods †. We sailed up the Vistula. Then the sword acquired spoils: the whole ocean was one wound: the earth grew red with reeking gore: the sword grinned at the coats of mail: the sword cleft the shields asunder.

We fought with swords: I well remember that no one fled that day in the battle before in the ships Herauder fell. There does not a fairer warrior divide the ocean with his vessels. * * * This prince ever brought to the battle a gallant heart.

† Literally, "to the hall of Odin."

We

We fought with swords : the army
 cast away their shields. Then flew the
 spear to the breasts of the warriors.
 The sword in the fight cut the very
 rocks : the shield was all besmeared
 with blood, before king Rafno fell, our
 foe. The warm sweat run down from
 the heads on the coats of mail.

We fought with swords, before the
 isles of Indir. We gave ample prey
 for the ravens to rend in pieces : a ban-
 quet for the wild beasts that feed on
 flesh. At that time all were valiant :
 it were difficult to single out any one.
 At the rising of the sun, I saw the lances
 pierce : the bows darted the arrows from
 them.

We fought with swords : loud was
 the

the *dín* * of arms; before king Eifstinn fell in the field. Thence, enriched with golden spoils, we marched to fight in the land of Vals. There the sword cut the painted shields †. In the meeting of helmets, the blood ran from the wounds: it ran down from the cloven skulls of men.

We fought with swords, before Boring-holmi. We held bloody shields: we stained our spears. Showers of arrows brake the shield in pieces. The bow sent forth the glittering steel. Volnir fell in the conflict, than whom there was not a greater king. Wide on the

* *DÍN* is the word in the Islandic original.

Dinn greniudu brottam.

† Literally, "the paintings of the shields."

shores

shores lay the scattered dead : the wolves
rejoiced over their prey.

We fought with swords, in the Flemings land : the battle widely raged
before king Freyr fell therein. The blue
steel all reeking with blood fell at length
upon the golden mail. Many a virgin
bewailed the slaughter of that morning.
The beasts of prey had ample spoil.

We fought with swords, before Ainglans.
There saw I thousands lie dead
in the ships : we failed to the battle for
six days before the army fell. There
we celebrated a *mass* of weapons*. At
the

* This is intended for a sneer on the Christian religion, which tho' it had not gained any footing in the northern nations, when this Ode was written, was not wholly unknown to them. Their
piratical

rising of the sun Valdiofur fell before
our swords,

We fought with swords, at Barda-
fyrda. A shower of blood rained from
our weapons. Headlong fell the palid
corpse a prey for the hawks. The
bow gave a twanging sound. The blade
sharply bit the coats of mail : it bit the
helmet in the fight. The arrow sharp
with poison and all besprinkled with
bloody sweat ran to the wound.

We fought with swords, before the
bay of Hiadning. We held aloft magic
shields in the play of battle. Then

piratical expeditions into the southern countries
had given them some notion of it, but by no means
a favourable one : they considered it as the reli-
gion of cowards, because it would have corrected
their savage manners.

D

might

might you see men, who rent shields with their swords. The helmets were shattered in the murmur of the warriors. The pleasure of that day was like having a fair virgin placed beside one in the bed.

We fought with swords, in the Northumbrian land. A furious storm descended on the shields: many a lifeless body fell to the earth. It was about the time of the morning, when the foe was compelled to fly in the battle. There the sword sharply bit the polished helmet. The pleasure of that day was like kissing a young widow at the highest seat of the table.

We fought with swords, in the isles of the south. There Herthiofe proved

victorious: there died many of our valiant warriors. In the shower of arms Rogvaldur fell: I lost my son. In the play of arms came the deadly spear: his lofty crest was dyed with gore. The birds of prey bewailed his fall: they lost him that prepared them banquets.

We fought with swords, in the Irish plains. The bodies of the warriors lay intermingled. The hawk rejoiced at the play of swords. The Irish king did not act the part of the eagle***. Great was the conflict of sword and shield. King Marstan was killed in the bay: he was given a prey to the hungry ravens.

We fought with swords: the spear

resounded: the banners shone * upon the coats of mail. I saw many a warrior fall in the morning: many a hero in the contention of arms. Here the sword reached betimes the heart of my son: it was Egill deprived Agnar of life. He was a youth, who never knew what it was to fear.

We fought with swords, at Skioldunga. We kept our words: we carved out with our weapons a plenteous banquet for the wolves of the sea†. The ships were all besmeared with crimson, as if for many days the maidens had brought and poured forth wine. All rent was the mail in the clash of arms.

* Or more properly "reflected the sunshine upon the coat of mail."

† A poetical name for the fishes of prey.

We

We fought with swords; when Harold fell. I saw him struggling in the twilight of death; that young chief so proud of his flowing locks*: he who spent his mornings among the young maidens: he who loved to converse with the handsome widows. * * * *

We fought with swords: we fought three kings in the isle of Lindis. Few had reason to rejoice that day. Many fell into the jaws of the wild-beasts. The hawk and the wolf tore the flesh of the dead: they departed gluttoned with their prey. The blood of the Irish fell plentifully into the ocean, during the time of that slaughter.

* He means Harold Harfax king of Norway.—*Harfax* (synonymous to our English *Fairfax*) signifies *Fair-locks*.

We fought with swords, at the isle of Onlug. The uplifted weapon bit the shields. The gilded lance grated on the mail. The traces of that fight will be seen for ages. There kings marched up to the play of arms. The shores of the sea were stained with blood. The lances appeared like flying dragons.

We fought with swords. Death is the happy portion of the brave* ; for he stands the foremost against the storm of weapons. He, who flies from danger, often bewails his miserable life. Yet how difficult is it to rouse up a coward to the play of arms ? The dastard feels no heart in his bosom.

* The northern warriors thought none were intitled to Elizium, but such as died in battle, or underwent a violent death.

We

We fought with swords. Young men should march up to the conflict of arms: man should meet man and never give way. In this hath always consisted the nobility of the warrior. He, who aspires to the love of his mistress, ought to be dauntless in the clash of arms.

We fought with swords. Now I find for certain that we are drawn along by fate. Who can evade the decrees of destiny? Could I have thought the conclusion of my life reserved for Ella; when almost expiring I shed torrents of blood? When I launched forth my ships into the deep? When in the Scottish gulphs I gained large spoils for the wolves?

D 4

We

We fought with swords : this fills me still with joy, because I know a banquet is preparing by the father of the gods. Soon, in the splendid hall of Odin, we shall drink BEER * out of the skulls of our enemies. A brave man shrinks not at death. I shall utter no repining words as I approach the palace of the gods.

We fought with swords. O that the sons of Aslauga † knew; O that my children knew the sufferings of their father! that numerous serpents filled with poison tear me to pieces! Soon would

* BEER and MEAD were the only nectar of the northern nations. Odin alone of all the gods was supposed to drink WINE. *Vid. Bartholin.*

† Aslauga was his second wife, whom he married after the death of Thora.

they

they be here : soon would they wage bitter war with their swords. I gave a mother to my children from whom they inherit a valiant heart.

We fought with swords. Now I touch on my last moments. I receive a deadly hurt from the viper. A serpent inhabits the hall of my heart. Soon shall my sons black their swords in the blood of Ella. They wax red with fury : they burn with rage. Those gallant youths will not rest till they have avenged their father.

We fought with swords. Battles fifty and one have been fought under my banners. From my early youth I learnt to dye my sword in crimson : I never yet could find a king more valiant than myself.

myself. The gods now invite me to them. Death is not to be lamented.

'Tis with joy I cease. The goddesses of destiny are come to fetch me. Odin hath sent them from the habitation of the gods. I shall be joyfully received into the highest seat; I shall quaff full goblets among the gods. The hours of my life are past away. I die laughing.

THE

(III.)

T H E

R A N S O M E

O F

E G I L L the S C A L D.

INTRODUCTION.

“ **T**HE following piece is an il-
 “ lustrious proof of the high re-
 “ verence in which poets and their art
 “ were held among the northern na-
 “ tions. It was composed by Egill a
 “ celebrated *Scald* or poet, who having
 “ received some injury from Eric Blo-
 “ dox king of Norway, had in revenge
 “ killed his son and several of his friends.
 “ Being afterwards seized in Iceland by
 “ Eric’s queen, she sent him after her
 “ husband into England; which he
 “ had just before invaded, and where
 “ he then had gained some footing.
 “ Though Egill had so highly exas-
 “ perated the king, he purchased his
 “ pardon by the poem, here translated;
 “ which,

“ which, notwithstanding it is all in
 “ rhyme, and consists of a great va-
 “ riety of measures ; and tho’ the style
 “ is uncommonly figurative, is said to
 “ have been pronounced extempore in
 “ a full assembly of Eric and his
 “ chiefs.”

Mallet Introd. a l’Hist. de Dannem. p.
247. Olaij, Worm. Lit. Run. p. 195.

“ The translation is made from the
 “ Islandic original, published by Olaus
 “ Wormius in his *Literatura Runica*,
 “ 4to. pag. 227.

“ N. B. In the following poem Eric
 “ is called THE ENGLISH CHIEF, in
 “ compliment to his having gained some
 “ footing in the kingdom of Northum-
 “ berland.

“ berland.—He is also intitled THE
 “ COMMANDER OF THE FLEET OF
 “ SCOTS ; from his having auxiliaries
 “ of that nation : it was usual for the
 “ Scots to join the Danes &c. in their
 “ irruptions into the fouthern parts of
 “ the ifland.”

THE

THE
R A N S O M E
O F
E G I L L the S C A L D.

I Came by sea from the west. I bring
in my bosom the gift of Odin.
Thus was my passage: I launched into
the ocean in ships of Iceland: my mind
is deep laden with the songs of the
gods.

I offer my freight unto the king: I
owe a poem for my ransom. I pre-
sent to the English chief the songs of
Odin. Renown is imperfect without
songs. My lays resound his praise; I
E intreat

intreat his silent attention ; while he is the subject of my song.

Listen, O prince, that I may swell the strain. If I can obtain but silence, many men shall know the achievements of the king. Odin hath seen where the dead bodies lie.

The clash of arms increased about the edges of the shield. The goddesses of war had required this of him. The king was impetuous : he was distinguished in the tumult : a torrent flowed from his sword : the storm of weapons furiously raged.

The web of spears went furiously forward ; thro' the resounding ranks of shields ; among the carcases destined to
glad

glad the eagles. The ship failed in a sea of blood. Wounds refounded on all sides.

The feet of the warriors failed at the discharge of arrows. There Eric acquired deathless renown.

I shall proceed if the warriors will listen: I have heard of all their glorious renown. The wounds boiled at the king's attack. The swords were broken against the azure shields.

The broken harness gave a crash: the helmets flashed out fire. Sharp was the sword: it was a bloody destroyer. I know that many warriors

E 2

fell

fell before the springing bow, in the play of weapons.

Then was there a devouring of spears, in the clash of arms. There Eric acquired deathless renown.

The king dyed his sword in crimson; his sword that glutted the hungry ravens. The weapon aimed at human life. The bloody lances flew. The commander of the Scottish fleet fed fat the birds of prey. The sister of Nara* trampled on the foe: she trampled on the evening food of the eagle.

* An Isländic phrase for death, it alludes to the ancient northern mythology. See the EDDA, &c.

The

The beaked lances flew amidst the edges of the sword. The weapons accustomed to measure wounds were imbrued in blood. The wolf mangled the festering wounds. Over their prey the ravens tumultuously assembled.

The dreadful inundation overwhelmed the secure. Eric gave the dead bodies to the wolves in the sea *.

Sharp was the flying dart : then peace was lost. Bent was the bow ; at which the wolf rejoiced. Broken were the lances. Sharp were the swords. The bow-strings bare away the arrows.

* An Islandic phrase for fishes of prey.

The valiant provoker of warlike play
 sends the lances from his hand : he is
 prodigal of blood. It is poured forth
 on all sides. The song flows from my
 heart. The expedition of Eric is cele-
 brated thro' the eastern ocean.

The king bent his bow : the stinging
 arrows fly. Eric gave the dead bodies
 to the wolves in the sea.

It remains that I distinguish among
 the warriors the superior excellence of
 the king. My song will flow more ra-
 pid. He causes the goddess of war to
 watch upon his prow. He makes his
 ship to scate along the rough billows.

The

The king, who breaks the shower of arrows, abounds in wealth. The shield-rending warriors resound his praise: the jocund mariners are gladdened with his gold: precious stones court the hand of the king.

There was no standing for the deluge of blood. The drawn bow twangs: it sends forth the arrow to meet the sword. The king hath gained a firm possession in his enemies land. Praise dwells beside him.

The king hath been attentive to my lays such as I could produce. I am happy that I could obtain a silent hearing. I have employed my tongue. I

E 4

have

have poured forth from my soul the songs of Odin in this splendid city.

I have published the praises of the king: I have broke through the fetters of silence: I have not feared to speak in the assembly of warriors. I have poured forth from my breast the praises of Eric. They flowed forth that many might hear them.

May he abound in gold. May he enrich his subjects. May his fame be spread abroad. May all things succeed to the king's desires *.

* The last stanza is in the original so highly figurative, and contains such obscure allusions to the northern mythology, that it would only admit of a very loose paraphrase. That here given, is founded on the notes of Olaus Wormius. pag. 140.

THE

(IV.)

THE

FUNERAL SONG

OF

H A C O N.

INTRODUCTION.

“ **H**ACON, the subject of the fol-
 “ lowing piece, was son of the ce-
 “ lebrated Harold Harfax, whose death
 “ is recorded in Regner’s ode. He was
 “ the great hero of the Norwegians,
 “ and the last of their Pagan kings.
 “ Hacon was slain about the year 960
 “ in a battle with the Danes, in which
 “ eight of his brethren fell before
 “ him. Eyvindur his cousin, a famous
 “ scald, or poet, who was present
 “ at the battle, composed this poem
 “ to be sung at his funeral.—What
 “ seems to have suggested the plan of
 “ the ode, was Hacon’s surviving the
 “ battle, and afterwards dying of his
 “ wounds, which were not at first ap-
 “ prehended to be mortal. Although
 “ this

“ this is not very clear from the his-
 “ tory, something of this kind must be
 “ understood, to render the poem in-
 “ telligible.

“ To save the necessity of many
 “ notes, we must remind the Reader,
 “ that ODIN or WODEN was worship-
 “ ped in the northern nations, as the
 “ god of war, and as father of the
 “ other gods. Such as died in battle
 “ were believed to be received into the
 “ habitation of the gods, and there to
 “ feast and carrouse full goblets of the
 “ northern nectar ALE and BEER; this
 “ place or Elizium was called *Valball*
 “ or the hall of slaughter. To receive
 “ an invitation to *Valball* or the palace
 “ of the gods meant the same as to re-
 “ ceive a death-summons.

“ The

“ The Islandic original of this poem
 “ is preserved in Snorro Sturleson’s *Hist.*
 “ *Regum Septentrionalium*, folio. vol. 1.
 “ pag. 163. The Latin version of Pe-
 “ ringskiold has been chiefly followed,
 “ except in some few places in which
 “ the preference was given to that of
 “ Bartholin in his *Causæ de contempt.*
 “ *a Danis mortis*, and to the French
 “ translation of the Chev. Mallet in his
 “ *L’ Edda*, pag. 159.”

THE

THE
FUNERAL SONG
OF
H A C O N.

GONDUL and Scogul, the goddesses of destiny, were sent by Odin to chuse, among the kings, one of the race of Yngvon, who should dwell with him in the palace of the gods.

They found the brother of Biorno putting on his coat of mail: that excellent king stood ready under the banner: the enemies fell; the sword was brandished; the conflict was begun.

The

The slayer of princes had conjured the inhabitants of Hælyg: he had conjured the inhabitants of the isles: he went to the battle. The renowned chief had a gallant retinue of northern men. The depopulator of the Danish islands stood under his helmet.

The leader of the people had just before cast aside his armour; he had put off his coat of mail: he had thrown them down in the field a little before the beginning of the battle. He was playing with the sons of renowned men, when he was called forth to defend his kingdom. The gallant king now stood under his golden helmet,

Then the sword in the king's hand cut the coverings of brass, as easily as
if

if it had been brandished in water.
The javelins clashed together: the
shields were broken: the arms resound-
ed on the skulls of men.

The arms of Tyr, the arms of Bau-
ga* were broke to pieces; so hard
were the helmets of the northern war-
riors. They joined battle in the island
Storda. The kings broke through the
shining fences of shields: they stained
them with human blood.

The swords waxed hot † in the
wounds distilling blood. The long

* Tyr and Bauga were two subordinate gods
of war: the expression means no more than the
Martia tela of Virgil.

† Or perhaps more literally, "burnt in the
"wounds." One name for swords among the
Runic poets is, "The fires of wounds," Latin
Vulnerum ignes.

F

shields

shields inclined themselves over the lives of men. The deluge from the spears ran down the shore of Storda: there on that promontory fell the wounded bodies.

Wounds suffused with gore were received among the shields; while they played in the battle contending for spoil. The blood rapidly flowed in the storm of Odin. Many men perished thro' the flowings from the sword.

Then fate the chiefs with their blunted swords; with broken and shattered shields; with their coats of mail pierced thro' with arrows. The host no longer thought of visiting the habitation of the gods.

When lo! Gondul leaned on her
3
lance

lance and thus bespake them, The
assembly of the gods is going to be
increased, for they invite Hacon with a
mighty host to their banquet.

The king heard what the beautiful
nymphs of war, sitting on their horses,
spake. The nymphs seemed full of
thought: they were covered with their
helmets: they had their shields before
them.

Hacon said, Why hast thou, O god-
dess, thus disposed of the battle? Were
we not worthy to have obtained a more
perfect victory?—Thou owest to us,
retorted Scogul, that thou hast carried
the field: that thy enemies have be-
taken themselves to flight.

F 2

Scogul

Scogul the wealthy * spake thus;
 Now we must ride through the green
 worlds of the gods, to tell Odin that
 the all-powerful king is coming to his
 hall; that he is coming to visit him.

The father of the gods said, Her-
 mode and Brago, my sons, go to meet
 the king: for now Hacon, the admired
 warrior, approacheth to our hall.

The king was now arrived from the
 battle, he stood all besprinkled with
 blood and said; Odin appeareth very
 severe and terrible: he smileth not upon
 my soul.

* The DESTINIES are called rich or wealthy,
 because they finally inherit and possess all things.

Brago .

Brage said, Thou shalt have peace here with all the heroes: drink Ale therefore with the gods. Thou destroyer of princes hast here within eight brethren.

The good king answered; We will retain our arms*: the mail and helmet are carefully to be retained: it is good to have the sword in readiness.

Then was seen how religiously the king had performed all sacred duties; since the great council of the gods, and all the lesser divinities received Hacon among them with acclamations of welcome.

* Meaning that he would only enjoy warlike amusements, for so they believed their heroes were employed in Elysium.—It is probably a poetical insinuation that he would have his arms buried with him.

F 3

That

That king is born on a fortunate day, who gains to himself such favour from the gods. The age in which he hath lived shall ever be held in high remembrance.

The wolf Fenris*, freed from his chains, shall range through the world among the sons of men, before so renowned and so good a king shall again tread the desolate path of his kingdom.

Riches perish : relations die : kingdoms are laid waste. Let Hacon dwell with the magnificent gods : While many nations are plunged in grief.

* By the wolf Fenris, the northern nations understood a kind of demon or evil principle at enmity with the gods, who, tho' at present chained up from doing mischief, was hereafter to break loose and destroy the world. See the Edda.

THE

(V.)

THE
C O M P L A I N T
O F
H A R O L D.

F 4

INTRODUCTION.

“ **H**AROLD, surnamed The Va-
 “ liant, lived about the mid-
 “ dle of the eleventh century, and was
 “ one of the most illustrious adventu-
 “ rers of his time. Piracy was con-
 “ sidered among the northern nations,
 “ as the only road to riches and glory :
 “ in pursuit of these Harold had not
 “ only run thro’ all the northern seas,
 “ but had even penetrated into the Me-
 “ diterranean, and made many success-
 “ ful attempts on the coasts of Africa
 “ and Sicily. He was at length taken
 “ prisoner and detained for some time
 “ at Constantinople. In this ode he
 “ complains that all the glory he had
 “ ac-

“ acquired by so many exploits had not
 “ been able to move the heart of Eli-
 “ zabeth daughter of Jarislaus king of
 “ Ruffia.

“ The following piece is only a frag-
 “ ment ; for the ode originally consist-
 “ ed of sixteen stanzas: it is also much
 “ more modern than any of the former.
 “ It was notwithstanding acceptable,
 “ as the subject of it turns upon the
 “ softer passions, and is not altogether
 “ taken up with blood and death and
 “ other images of horror, like the rest.

“ The original of this fragment is
 “ printed in Bartholin’s excellent trea-
 “ tise intituled, *Causæ contemptæ a Da-*
 “ *nis mortis*, 4to 1689. p. 54: where it
 “ is accompanied with a literal Latin
 “ ver-

“ version, which we have chiefly fol-
“ lowed, except in one or two passa-
“ ges, where the preference seemed
“ due to the French translation of the
“ Chevalier Mallet, published in his
“ *L' Edda*, 4to 1755. Bartholin tells
“ us he had the original out of an old
“ Islandic history, intituled *Knitlinga*
“ *Saga*.”

THE

THE
COMPLAINT
OF
HAROLD.

MY ship hath sailed round the isle
of Sicily. Then were we all
magnificent and splendid. My brown
vessel, full of warriors, rapidly skimmed
along the waves. Eager for the fight,
I thought my sails would never slacken:
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I fought in my youth with the inha-
bitants of Drontheim. They had troops
superior in number. Dreadful was the
conflict. Young, as I was, I left their
young

young king dead in the fight. And yet
a Russian maid disdains me.

One day we were but sixteen on
ship-board : a tempest rose and swelled
the ocean. The waves filled the load-
ed vessel: but we diligently cleared it.
Thence I formed the brightest hopes.
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I know how to perform eight exer-
cises. I fight with courage. I keep a
firm seat on horseback. I am skilled
in swimming. I glide along the ice
on scates. I excell in darting the lance.
I am dextrous at the oar. And yet
a Russian maid disdains me.

What tender maid or widow can de-
ny, that in the morning, when, posted
near

near the city in the south, we joined battle ; can deny that I bravely wielded my arms ; or that I left behind me lasting monuments of my valour. And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I was born in the uplands of Norway, where the inhabitants handle so well the bow. Now I make my ships, the dread of peasants, rush among the rocks of the sea. Far from the abode of men, I have plowed the wide ocean with my vessels. And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T - S C R I P T.

“ In the preceding poem Harold
 “ mentions EIGHT exercises, but enu-
 “ merates only FIVE. If the Reader
 “ is inquisitive to know what those are,
 “ which he has omitted, he may col-
 “ lect them from the following ancient
 “ Runic verses. Wherein a northern
 “ hero is introduced boasting of him-
 “ self,

Tafl em ek aurr at &c.

“ I am master of nine accomplish-
 “ ments. I play well at chess. I know
 “ how to engrave Runic letters. I am
 “ apt at my book; and know how to
 “ handle the tools of the smith. I tra-
 “ verse

verse the snow on scates of wood. I
excell in shooting with the bow ; and
in managing the oar. I sing to the
harp ; and compose verses."

Olj. Wormij. Lit. Run. pag. 129.—
Barthol. Causæ &c. pag. 420.

" We shall conclude this subject,
" with a celebrated character from
" the ancient chronicles of Norway.
" viz."

"King Olaf Tryggesson was stronger,
more alert and nimble than any man of
his time. He would climb the rock
Smalferhorn, and fix his shield on the
top of it. He would walk without
the boat on the oars while the men
were rowing. He would play with
G three

three darts at once ; tossing them up in the air, and always keeping two up, while one was down in his hand. He was ambi-dexter, and could use his weapon with both hands, and throw two javelins at once. He excelled all his men in shooting with the bow : And in swimming he had no equal."

See Pontoppidan's Hist. of Norway, pag. 248.

T H E E N D.

THE
ISLANDIC ORIGINALS

Of the preceding

P O E M S.

G 2

I.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL

OF THE

INCANTATION OF HERVOR.

V. Hervarer Saga, Olaf Verelj. Upsal. 1672. fol. p. 91.

HERVOR.

V Akadnu Angantyr,
 Vekur tbig Hervor
 Einka dotter
 Yckar Suafu :
 Sel thu mer ur hauge
 Hardan mækir,
 Tban er Suafurlama
 Slogu duergar.

Hervardur, Hiorvardur,
Hrani oc Angantyr,
Vek eg ijdur alla
Vidar under rotum,
Med bialmi oc briniu,
Oc buoffu suerdi,
Raund oc reida,
Oc rodnum geiri.

Ero miog wordner
Andgryms syner
Mein-giærner ad
Molldar auka !
Ad singi gior sona
Eyvør vid mig mæla
Ur munar beimi !
Hervardur, Hiorvardur.

Suo fie ijdur aullum

Innan rifia
Sem er i maura
Mornid bangi,
Nema suerd selier,
Tbad er slogu duergar
Samyra draugum ;
Dyrt um fetla.

[*Itbui bili opnuduft bau-*
gar, oc var alt ad fia sem
logi eirn, oc tba var tbotta
quedid i hauge Angantyr's :]

ANGANTYR.

Hervor dotter
Huij kallar suo,
Full feikiustafa,
Fer thu ad illu ?
Od ertu ordin
Oc orvita
Vill-biggiandi
Vekia dauda menn.

Grofu mig ey fader
Nie frændur adrær.
Their haufdu Tirfing

Tueir

*Tusir er lifdu,
Vard þo eigandi
Einn af fjðan.*

HERVOR.

*Satt mæler þu ecki.
So lati A; þig
Heilan i haugi
Sem þu hafir eigi
Tirfing med þier.
Trauttes þier ad veita
Arf Angantyr
Einka barne.*

ANGANTYR.

*Seige eg þier, Hervor
Þad vera mun.
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Eft þu trua mættir)
Ætt þinni nær
Allre spilla.
Muntu son gieta,
Þann fjðar mun
Tirfing bafa,
Oc trua marger
Hann munu Heidrek
Heita lyder.*

HERVOR.

*Eg of-kingi
So virða dauda
Ad þier tholed
Alldrey kyrrer,
Nema Angantyr
Selier mier Tirfing,
Hlyfum þættan,
Hialmars bana.*

ANGANTYR.

, Mær qued eg unga

*Monnum ljka,
Er um bauga
Huarlar à nottum,
Grofnum geiri
Med gottu malum,
Hialm oc briniu
Fyre ballar dyr.*

HERVOR.

*Madur thotter þu
Menskur tilforna
Adur eg salí
Ydra tok kanna :
Sel þu mier ur haugi
Þan er batar brinju
Duerga smíði :
Duger þier ey ad leina.*

ANGANTYR.

*Liggur mier under berðum
Hialmars bani,
Allur er þan utan
Elldi sueipinn.
Mey veit eg aungva
Molld à buorge
Er þan bior thori
Hond i nema.*

HERVOR.

*Eg mun birda
Oc i haund nema
Huassan mæki
Eft eg bafa gnæði.
Hygg eg eige
Elld brenna þan
Er framliðnum firðum
Leikur uin sioner.*

ANGANTYR.

Heimsk ertu Hervor

*Hugar eigandi,
Er thu ad augum
I elld brapar,
Helldur vil eg suerd thier
Selia ur haugi,
Mær en unga,
Mun eg thig ey leina.*

*[Tha var suerd i bendi
Hervarar, oc quæd bon:]*

HERVOR.

*Vel giorder thu
Vikings nidur
Er thu sender mier
Suerd ur haugi :
Betur thikiumst nu
Budlungur basfa
Enn eg Noreyge
Næde allre.*

ANGANTYR.

*Veistu ey ad
Uppsol ertu
Mala, starad kona
Thui thu fagna skalt.
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Ef thu trua nædur.)
Ætt thinni mær
Allri spilla.*

HERVOR.

*Eg mun ganga
Til gialfur-manna;
Hier mun ey mær
I hug godum.
Liitt ræke eg thad
Lofdunga vinur
Huad syner miner
Sijdan deila.*

ANGANTYR.

*Thu skalt eiga
Oc unna leingi;
Hafdu ad buldu
Hialmars bana,
Taktu ad eggjum,
Eitur er i badum,
Sa er mans matadur
Miklum verri.*

HERVOR.

*Eg mun birda
Oc i haund nema
Huassan mæki
Er mig basfa latid :
Ugge eg eye thad,
Ulfa greinir,
Huad syner miner
Sijdan telia.*

ANGANTYR.

*Far vel dotter,
Fliott gief eg thier
Tolf manna fior,
Ef thu trua nædir,
Aft oc cliom,
Alt hid goda
Er syner Angryms
Epter leifdu.*

HERVOR.

*Bui thier aller,
Burt mun eg skiotla,
Heiler i hauge,
Hiedan fyser mig.
Helft thottunst eg
Heima i mille
Er mig umbuerfis
Elldar brunnu.*

II.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
OF THE
DYING ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaf Wormij. Hafniae 1636.
4to. p. 197.

BIARKAMAL
SEM ORTE REGNAR LODBROG,

*H*luggum vier med biorve
Hitt var æi fyrer longu
Er a Gautlande geinkum
At graf vitins morde
Tha feinkum vier Thoru
Thadan beitu mig firdar
Er lingaulum lagdag
Lodbrok ad thui vige
Stak eg a storear lykin
Stale biartra mala.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Helldur var ek ungur er
feingum
Austur i Eirar Sunde
Undarm frekum varge
Og fatgulum fugle
Fengum vier thar er sungu
Vid baseymda bialma
Hard iarn mikils verdar
Allur var aegar solliam
Od rafa i valblode.

Hiuggum vier med biorve

Hatt barum tha geira
Er tuituger toldunst
Og tyr rudum vyda
Unnum atta Jarla
Austur fyrer Thinu minne
Kera feigum tha gnoka
Gifting ad thui vike
Sueiti fiell i sollium
Sae tynde lid æse.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hiedins kuonar vard andit
Tha er Helfnkin beimtum
Til beimsala Odins
Lokdum uppi ivu
Oddur naade tha byta
All var unda gialfre
Asuer rodin beitu
Greniada brandur i brynu
Benfilldur klufu skylldi.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hygg ek onguan tha flyde
Adur a bemlis bestum

Heraudur i styr fíelle
 Klyfur ei aegis aundrum
 Allur Jarlin faegre
 Lunda voll til loegis
 A langskipum sydan
 Sa bar síklungur víða
 Snart fram i styr biarta.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Her kaftade skialldum
 Tha er braegagare rende
 Reistur ad gunna brioðum
 Beit i Skarfua skerium
 Sbaeribildur at bialdri
 Rodinn var randar mane
 Adur Rafn kongur fíelle
 Dreif ur bolda haufum
 Heitum a brynniur sueite.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Haft gatu tha rafnar
 Fyrir In yndiris eium
 Aerua braad ad flyta
 Fengum salu bestum
 Fullann verd ad finne
 Illt var eins ad geta
 I uppruna solar
 Strengbaumlur sa eg stinga
 Stak almur af fier maalme.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hett greniudu brottar
 Adur a Ullar akre
 Eisteinn kongur fíelle
 Geingum gulli faedur
 Grandur vals ad braundum
 Hraekindil sneid randa
 Ritur ad bialma mote
 Sniga virtur ur farum
 Sueif of fiarna kleifa.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hofdum rendur i blode
 Tha er benthuera braeddum
 Fyrer Borgundar bolme
 Reggsky slitu rander
 Ratt almur af fier malme
 Volnir fiell at víge
 Var at aei kongur meire
 Val rak vitt um strandir
 Vargur fagnade tafne.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hildur var synt i vebste
 Adur Freyr kongur-fílle
 A Flemingia lande
 Nade blaer ad byta
 Blode smoltur i gyltann
 Hogna-kust ad bialldre
 Hardur bengrefill fordum
 Maer griet morgin skaeru
 Morg en tafn gafft vorgum.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hundrudum sa eg liggia
 A eireis aundrum
 Thar Aeinglanes heitir
 Sigldum vier til snaeru
 Sehs daegur adur lid fíelle
 Allum odda missu
 Fyrir upruna solar
 Vard fyrir vorum suerdum
 Valdiofur i styr bniga.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hrunde dogg af suerdum
 Bryn i Bardafyrde
 Bleikan na fyrir bauka
 Umde almur thar oddar
 Allstít bitu skyrtur
 Ad slidur loga sennu

Suolnis batte thaesdar
Rende almur til unda
Biturbuas drifsum sueita.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hielldum blakar tiolldum
Hatt ad bildur leike
Fyrir Hiadninga-vage
Sia maittu tha seggir
Er suerd rifu skioldu
At braefildur bialldre
Hialm skitnad ann gotna
Varat sem biarta brude
I bing bia sier leggja.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hard kom brid a skioldum
Naer fell nidur til iardar
A Nordbumra-lande
Varat um etna ottu
Olldum thorf at flya
Hilddar leik thar er buaesser
Hialm-tun bitu skiomar
Varat sem unga ekkiu
I ondueige kyssa.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hertbiofe vard audit
I futhur-eium sialfum
Sigurs a varum monnum
Vard i rauda regne
Raugnvalldur firir kniga
Sa kom baestur yfur bauka
Harmur ad suerda leike
Huaft kastade brister
Hialms strenglaugar palme.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Huor la thuer um anan
Gladur vard geira brydur

Gaukur at suerda leike
Ligt ei aurn nie ylge
Sa er Irlande styrde
Mot vard malms og ritar
Marstan kongur fasta
Vard i Vedra-firde
Valtafn gefit brafne.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Her margan sa eg falla
Morgenstund fyrir maeker
Mann i odda semniu
Syne minum bneit snemma
Slidra tharn vid biarta
Eigill liet Agnar raentann
Oblaudann hal lyfe
Glumde geyr vid Hamdes
Grann serk bliku merke.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Halldarda sa eg prytia
Eke smatt fyrir ulfa
Endils nidar brandum
Varat a vikar skeide
Sem vinkonur baere
Hrodin var aegis asne
Ofar i dyn geira
Skarin var skoglar-kapa
Att Skioldunga bialldre.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
Harfagrann sa eg rankua
Meiar dreng enn um morgum
Og malvin ekkiu
Varat sem uormar laugar
Vinkiors niorun baere
Os i Ilasunde
Adur Auru kongur felle
Blud mana sa eg bresta
Bra thad fira life.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hadum fuerds ad morde
 Leik a Lindis eire
 Vid lofdunga threinna
 Faer nade thui fakna
 Fiell margur i gynvarge
 Haukur sleit bolld med ulfe
 Ad hann heillthadann kuae-
 mist
 Ira blod i aege
 Aerit fiell um skiru.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Ha fuerd bitu skialldum
 Tha er gullrocin glumde
 Geir nid bildar naefre
 Sia man i Onlugs eiu
 Um alldur mega sydan
 Thar er at logdis leikg
 Lofdungar fram-geingu
 Rodinn var ut fyrir eire
 Ar flugdreke fara.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Huad er drengur ad feigre
 Ad hun i odda ele
 Ondurdur latinn uerdi
 Oft syter sa arse
 Er alldrege nester
 Illt kueda arg ann eggia
 Auru ad fuerda leike
 Hugblaudum keimur huorge
 Hiarte sit ad gagne.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hit tel eg iasnt ad gange
 At samtoger fuerda
 Sueinn i mote einum
 Hrokkve ei thegn fyrir
 thegne

Thad var drengs adal leings
 Ae skal astuinur meia
 Einardur i dyn fuerda.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hitt funist mier raunar
 At forlogom fylgium
 Faar geingur umskop narva
 Aige hugdak Ellu
 At aldur-lage minu
 Tha er eg blod vale braedda
 Og bord a log keirdag
 Vitt fengum tha varge
 Verd i Skotlands fiordum.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hit blaeger mig iasnam
 Thad Balldur fadur bekke
 Buna veit eg at sumlum
 Drekum BIOR ad bragde
 Ur piukvidum hausa
 Syter ei drengur vid dauda
 Dyrs ad Fiolins busum
 Ei kem ek med eidru
 Ord till Vidris ballar.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hier uilldu nu aller
 Burer Aslaugar brandum
 Bitrum hillde vekkia
 Ef vandlige viffe
 Um vidfarar offar
 Hue o-faer ormar
 Eitur follir mig flyta
 Modernis sek eg minum
 Mangum suo at biartun
 duga.

Hiuggum vier med biorve
 Hardla lidur at arfue

*Grimt stendur grand af
nodru*

*Goinn bigg'r sal biarta
Vaentum hins ad Vidris
Vandur i Ellu blode*

*Sonum minum mune suella
Sin modur rodinn verda
Ei munu snarper sueinar
Sett kyrt vera lata.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve
Hef eg fuintigum finna
Folk qrvstur framdar
Fleindings bode og eina
Minst bugde eg manna*

*At mior vera skylld
Ungur nam eg odd at rioda
Annar kongur fremre
Os munu Aesar bioda
Er ei systande daude.*

*Fysumst hins at baetta
Heimbioda mior Dyfir
Sem fra Herians ballu
Hefur Odinn mior sendar
Gladur skaleg Ol med Afum
I ondvege dreka
Lifs eru lidnar stunder
Laegiande skal eg deia.*

III.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE RANSOME OF EGILL THE SCALD.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaj Wormij Hafniæ 1636.
4to. p. 227.

H O F U D L A U S T I
EIGILS SCILLAGRYMS SONAR ISLANDSK KAPPA.

I. Viísa.

*V*Estur kom eg um ver
Enn eg Vidris ber
Munstrindar mar
So er mitt offar
Dro eg eik a flot
Vid Isabrot
Hlod eg maerdar liit
Minis knarrar skut.

II.

*Bydunst bilmer blod
Nu a eg brodrar quod
Ber eg Odins miod
A Eingla beod
Lof at viísa vann
Vyst maere eg dann
Hliods bidium bann
Duiat brodur of fann.*

III.

Hygg viiser at
Vel somer that
Hus eg thylia fat
Ef eg thogn of-gat
Flestur madur of-fra
Huad fylker va
Enn vidrer sa
Huar valur um la,

IV.

Ox biorva blom
Vid blyfar drom
Gudur vox um gram
Gramur sogte fram
Thar beirdist tha
Thaut maekirs a
Malmbyrdar spa
Su er mest of-la.

V.

Var at villustadar
Vesur daradar
Of grams gladar
Geir vangs radar
Thars i blode
I brimla mode
Flauster of drunde
Und um glumde

I. Stef.

Hnie firða fit
Vid sleinabnit
Ordstyr of-gat
Eirikur at that

Nu hefir annat Stafiamal.

I.

Fremur mun eg seigia

Ef firðar theikia
Fragum fleira,
Til frama theira
Aistust under
Vid iofurs funder
Brustu brander
Vid blar randér.

II.

Hlam bryn sodull
Vid bialmrodull
Beit benkrefill
Thad var blodrefill
Fra eg ad felle
Firer fetils suelle
Odins eike
I iarn leike

Annad staf.

Tha var odda-at
I eggia gnat
Ordstyr of-gat
Eirekur at that

Thridia stafiamal.

I.

Raud bilmer bior
That var brasn-agior
Fleinn bitte fior
Flugu dreyrug spior
Ol Flagds gota
Tharbiotur skota
Trad nist Nara
Nattuend ara.

II.

Flugu bialldurs tranar
Um biors lanar
Varu blode vagnar

*Ben-mal-granar
Tha er oddbrekke
Sleit und-freke
Gniide brafne
O bufudafne*

*Thridie ftefi
Kom grydar skiae
A galfrar lae
Baud ulfur brae
Eirikur um sae*

Fiorda ftefiamal.

I.

*Beit flenn floginn
Tha var fridur loginn
Var almur dreiginn
Thui vare ulfur feiginn
Bruftu broddar
Bitu oddar
Baru borvar
Af bokum orvar*

II.

*Verpur broddfete
Med haugfete
Hiorleik huata
Hann er blodskate
Throast hie sem buar
Hugat maele eg thar
Freitt er auftur um mar
Eireks op far*

Fiorda ftefi.

*Jofur fueigder
Hrunu unda br
Baud ulfum brae
Eirikur um sae*

2

Fimta ftefiamal.

I.

*Enn mun eg vilia
Fra verium skilja
Skasleik skata
Skal maerd huata
Laetur fnot-faka
Um sud fri vaka
Enn fkers aka
Skyd geirs braka*

II.

*Brytur bog huata
Biodur bram thuita
Muna hodd-ofa
Hring briotar losa
Gladdist flotnastol
Vid froda miel
Miok er bilme fol
Haukstrandar mol.*

III.

*Stodst folk eig
Firer fior leige
Gall r boge
Ad eggtoqe
Verpur af brondumi
Enn Jofur lodum
Helldur Hornklofe
Hann er naeftur lofe*

Alyktan drapunnat.

I.

*Jofur eigge at
Hue eg dylia fat
Gott dottunf thät
Er eg thagn ofgat
Hraerda eg munne
Af munar grunne
Odins aege a Jorufaege*

II.

*Bar eg theingils lof
A thagnar rof
Kan eg mæla miot
I manna fíot
Or blatra þam
Hradur ber eg gram*

*Sa for that fram
Ad flestur opnam*

*Nu fylger ofkan a efter
Niota bauga
Sem brage auga
Vagna vara
Edur vile tara.*

IV.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
OF THE
FUNERAL SONG OF HÆCON.

V. Snorrio Sturleson Hist. Regum Septentrion. fol.
pag. 163.

H A C O N A R M A L

“ Eyvinder Scalldaspillir orti quæthi eitt um fall Hæconar kongs, oc sua that buerso bonum var fagnat i Valholl; that ero kollut H A C O N A R M A L, oc er thettu upphaf.”

Snorrio Sturles. Hist.

G Aundul ok Skogul
Sendi Gauta Tyr
At kiesa um konga,
Huer Yngva cettar,
Skylldi með Othni fara,
I walholl at vera.

*Brothur fundu þær Bi-
ornar
I Brinio fara
Kong binn koxsama,
Kominn und Gunnfana,
Drupto Dolgar,*

*Enn Darrathur bristiz
Upp var tha byldur ofha-
finn.*

*Het a Hæleygi,
Sems a Halmrhygi,
Farla Einbani,
For til Orosto,
Gott hæsthi binn gauſgi
Geingi Northmanna,
Eythir eythana
Storb und Ar-hialmi.*

Hrauthz or Herrvatbom,

Fratt a vell Brynio,
Vifi verthungar,
Atbur til Vigs tæki,
Lek with Liotbmaugo,
Skyltbi land verja,
Gramur hinn glath-veri,
Stoth und Gullbialmi.

Sua beit tha Suertb,
Or Siklings Hendi,
Vathir Vafatbar,
Sem i Vatni brigtbi,
Brokotbo Brothtbar,
Brotnotbo Skilder,
Glumrotbo Glymringar,
I Gotna Hausom.

Trantbboz Taurgut,
Fyrir Tys ok Bauga,
Hialta Harthfotom,
Hausi Northmanna,
Roma varth i Eyjo,
Rutbo Kongar,
Skirar Skiald borgir,
I staina Blotbi.

Brunno Bencidr,
I blotbgom undom,
Leta Lang-barthar,
At Litha Fiorvi,
Suaratbi fargymir
A suertba nefi
Fell stoth fleina,
I fiore Stortbar.

Blenthuz with rothmar,
Vuthir Rantbar Himni,
Skeglar vethur
Leko with skys um bauga,
Umbo Othiblar

I Othins vetðfi,
Hæig margt Manna;
Fyri Mækis Straumi.

Sato tha Doglingar,
Meth Suertb umtoginn,
Meth scartha Scioltbo,
Oc scotnan Brynjor,
Vara sa Herr,
I Hugom,
Er atti til Valballar vegd:

Gauntbul that mællti;
Studdiz Geir scapti,
Vek nu Geingi Gotbo,
Er Hæconi bafa,
Meth Her micinn,
Heimbauth umbotbit.

Visir that beyrtbi
Huath Valkyrior,
Mæto mærar,
Af Mars Baki;
Hyggilega leto,
Oc bialmathar stotbo,
Oc hostboz Hlifar for.

[con)
Hvi thu sua (quath Ha-
Gunnir Sciptir,
Geirscaugol vorom, [tbom;
Tho verthor gagns fra Go-
Ver thui vaullibom (quath
Scaugol)
Er thu velle bellz
Enn thindir fiantbur flugd.

Ritba vit nu sculom,
Quath bin rika Scaugol;
Grona Heima Gotba;
Othni at seiga

*Her mun All-vallthur koma,
Oc banu fialfann at fja.*

*Hermothor oc Bragi,
Quath Hropta Tyr,
Gangit i gogn Grami,
Thui at Kongur fer fja,
Er Kappi thickir,
Til Hallar binnig*

*Ræfir that mælli,
Var fra Romo kominn,
Stoth allur i drora drifian;
Illutbigurmioc,
Thykir ofs Othinn vera,
Siam ver um hann bugi.*

*Einberia Grith,
Thu scallt allra basà,
Thigg thu at Asum Ol
Jarla Bagi
Thu att inni her
Atta Brothur, quath Bragi.*

*Gerthar varar,
Quath binn gothi kongur,
Viljem ver fialfar basà,
Hialm oc Brynio
Scal byrtha vel,
Gott er til Geirs at taca.*

*Tha that kynthiz,
Hue fa kongur bastbi,
Vel of thyrm Vcom,
Er Hacon batho,
Heilann kema,
Rath oll oc Reginn.*

*Gotho dogri
Vertbur fa Gramur um bo-
rinn,
Er fer getur slican sefa,
Hanns alldar,
Ae mun vera.
At gotho getit.*

*Mun obunthinn,
A yta Siot,
Fenris Ulsur fara,
Athur iafn gothur
A autha tranth,
Kongs Mathur komi.*

*Deyr fe
Deyia frænthur
Eythiz Land oc Lath,
Sixt Hacon,
Meth Heythin Goth,
Morg er thioth um thiath:*

[A different copy of part of the above poem, containing many variations, may be found in Bartholin's *Causæ contemptæ a Danis mortis*. Lib. 2. Cap. 11. p. §20.]

V.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE COMPLAINT OF HAROLD.

V. Bartholin. de causis contemptæ a Danis mortis.
Hafniæ 1689. pag. 154.

“ I thessum ferdum orti Haralldr gamanvisur, ok ero
xvj saman, ok eitt nidrlag at ollom, tho ero bersar rit-
nar.” Knitlinga Saga.

S Neid fyrir Sikeley vida
Sud varnm tha prudir
Brunn skreid vel til vanar
Vengis biotr und drengium
Vætti ek midr at motti
Muni enn thannig renna
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer skolla

Fundr var thess at tbrændir
Their hofdu lid meira
Vard su er ver of giordum
Vist errilig snertá
Skildumx ungr vid ungan
All valla i styr fallinn
Tha let gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Senn iofum ver suanna
Sextan tha er brin vexti
Dreif a bladna hufa
Flum i forum rumum

Vietti ek minnr at motti
Muni enn thinnig nenna
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Itbrottir kann ek atta
Ygs fet ek lid at smida
Færr er ek bræst a besta
Hefik sund numit stundum
Skrida kann ek a skidum
Skyt ek ok ræk svo at nytir
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Enn munat Eckia
Ung ne mær at værim
Thar er giordum suip suerda
Sudr i borg um morgin.
Ruddumx um med oddi
Eru merki thar verka
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

*Fæddr var ek þar alma
Upplendingar bendu.
Nu læt ek vid sker skolla
Skeidr bumnæmum leidar*

*Vitt þefi ek fætt ytum
Eigard skotid bardí
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollþrings vid mer skolla.*

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
of the VERSES quoted pag. 10.

*—Bith ofur capp,
Austur konga,
Sigars io,
Er tynar Yngva,
Menglautub
Bith meitb reitbo.*

*Binga meithur,
Þar er vikur deilir :
Þar er Fiolkunnur,
Um fylkis bror,
Steine merktur,
Straumeyiar nes.*

*Oc nareithur
A nefe drutber,*

Snorro Sturl. Hist. p. 28.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
of the VERSES quoted pag. 80.

*Tafl em ek aurr at efla,
Ítbrottir kann ek niu,
Tyni ek tradla runum,
Tid er mer bok, ok smider,*

*Skrida kann ek a skidum,
Skyt ek, ok ræ suo nytir,
Huortveggia kann ek hyggju
Harpslatt ok brag þatta.*

Ol. Wor. Lit. Run. p. 129. Barth. Cauf. &c. p. 420.

A D D I T I O N to pages 9, 18.

Since the foregoing sheets were printed off we have met with a passage in Olaus Wormius's *Monumenta Danorum*, which seems to clear up the difficulty. This accurate writer, observes that it was the general practice with the ancient Danes to bury their dead in open plains under hillocks of earth, which they frequently also surrounded with circles of large stones : yet acknowledges that instead of stones these *barrows* or *tumuli* are sometimes found incircled with large trees, disposed with great exactness ; and that these are supposed to be the sepulchres of kings.—“ *Interim dissimulare non possum, colles et tumulos ejusmodi etiam in planis reperiri, grandibus undique in coronam cinctos arboribus, fagis, quercubus, aliisque lapidum vices sustinentibus, studio et arte eleganter dispositis : in quibus regum humata esse cadavera credunt.*”

Mon. Dan. Hafn. 1643. folio. p. 38.

F I N I S.

Aug 2. 16